

Sylvestre Matuschka

Lard

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One more
Buried nugget
Of the dark history
Of the darkest side of man
Austria, 1931
Hungarian, hero - World War I
Businessman
Family man
"Idealist? Or just plain mad?"
To him, life must be a smash
He blew up trestles and railroad tracks
So he could masturbate
While watching trains wreck
It's a message from God
It's a message from God
It's a message from God
It is my duty
Dynamite
End of the line
Screeching metal
Injured cries
Bombs explode
Up through my spine
I squeeze
I pump
I... spray!
Six years, Vienna jail
Shipped to Hungary, then in World War II
Released, cos the army needs
Experts for demolition teams
Some say that's how he died
Was he in Korea? No one knows
Have any trains wiped out
Near a nursing home in your town?
It is a message from God
Those with eyes shall see
Those with ears shall hear

A prophecy
To the enemy
The world shall belong
To the children
I've done my duty
So all you sexually totalitarian born-again
And blue-nosey horney toads
Remember this:
No matter how many books you ban
No matter how many records you burn
The seeds of fertile fetishes
Are planted at an early age
And some where out there
Some one amongst you
May at this very moment LUST
For derailing trains

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